

THE

FOURTH GRACE.

Una de multis, face nuptiali

Digna.

HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for S. CROWDER and H. WOODGATE, at the *Golden Ball*, in
Pater-noster Row. M,DCC,LV.

(Price Six-pence.)

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Castle fund

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Plan of the following Piece was taken from the Ninth Book of SPENCER's Fairy Queen: If the Reader compares them together, he will see how much the Author stands indebted to that Poem.

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THE
FOURTH GRACE.
INSCRIBED
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
COUNTESS of COVENTRY.

IT was one Evening, when I chanc'd to stray,
In the lone Forest, that I lost my Way :
No Path to guide ; nor could my Fancy trace
The least Remembrance of the lovely Place :
For sure a more delightful Spot of Ground,
Nor was, nor is, nor ever shall be found.
Within a verdant Lawn, a Hill there stood,
On every Side surrounded by a Wood ;
Here Trees o'er Trees in matchless Height did rise,
Till the tall Branches seem'd to reach the Skies :
Whilst all beneath was Amarantine Bowers,
Where *Maii*'s Pencil touch'd the op'ning Flowers.
A limpid Stream stole softly through the Plain,
Without a Murmur, and without a Stain ;

Hill Trees and Flowers reflecting to the View,
And paints the Beauties of the Scene anew.

When to this Place my wand'ring Steps drew nigh,
I heard the Sound of Musick from on High ;
A Shepherd's Pipe it was, both loud and shrill ;
No Pipe was ever tun'd with better Skill :
And many nimble Feet did there rebound,
Trip o'er the Turf, and beat the hollow Ground.
Nearer I drew to the inviting Glee,
Which having only heard, I long'd to see :
When I a Troop of dancing Nymphs survey'd,
And in the midst a piping Shepherd play'd ;
Nor durst I enter on the open Green,
Or more advance, for fear of being seen ;
Lest of their Mirth a Witness had they known,
It might have marr'd their Pleasure and my own ;
But in the Covert of the Wood I hid,
Unseen myself, yet seeing all they did.

An hundred naked Virgins white as Snow,
My Eyes beheld, all dancing in a Row,
And now they join'd their Hands and form'd a Ring,
Around Three Maids, that did both Dance and Sing,
Whose

Whose Charms excell'd the other Nymphs as far,
 As the bright Moon out-shines the smallest Star.
 These Three, another Damsel did infold,
 Who sparkl'd like a Di'mond set in Gold.
 And Beauteous more than these she seem'd to be,
 As those less Beauteous than the other Three.
 A rosey Chaplet on her Head she wore,
 (No Chaplet ever was so grac'd before.)
 And ever as the Troop around her past,
 They at her Feet the sweetest Flowers cast,
 But most of all those *Three* their Gifts bestow,
 Which made her lov'lier still and lov'lier grow.

These were the *Graces*, Daughters of Delight,
 Who Dance upon this Hill both Day and Night.
 (For such true Joys in Sylvan Scenes appear
 Descending Heaven found Elysium here.)
 But that Fair One, so far above all Praise,
 Was she to whom that Shepherd tun'd his Lays;
 She was that Jolly Shepherd's ardent Flame,
 (Alas, poor *Collin*!) *Collin* was his Name.
 Pipe, jolly Shepherd, with thy Oaten Reed,
 Pipe to thy Love that makes thy Heart to bleed;
 Thy Love that's present with thee in this Place,
 Thy Love that's here advanc'd to be another *Grace*.

And now he tunes an Heav'n-inspir'd Lay,
How Souls by Sympathy are stol'n away,
And how exchang'd, and how united proves,
And tells of Mortal and Immortal Loves.
Shews all the noblest Deeds that have been done,
In Love were ended, or in Love begun.

" Each Female Art he sung, and every Charm,
" To win the Wifest, and the Coldest warm ;
" Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,
" The kind Deceit, the still-reviving Fire,
" Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,
" Silence that speaks, and Eloquence of Eyes."

Thus whilst the Swain Immortals entertains,
My beating Heart kept Measure to his Strains,
No longer could my ravish'd Senses hold,
By hearing charm'd, and seeing made me bold;
Besides, the Whole did like Inchantment seem,
A sweet Delusion, or a pleasing Dream.
Which made me rash resolve, and rudely go,
The Truth to prove, and what it meant to know;
When as I stood reveal'd in open Light,
They vanish'd quick as Light'ning from my Sight.
Gone quite and clean, which Way I never knew,
As soon as ever I appear'd in view,

All save that Shepherd who bewail'd his Fate:
 So sad was he, and so disconsolate,
 He broke his Pipe, and smote upon his Breast,
 His Looks, his Actions, all his Grief confest:
 And I, who no less sorry was than He,
 Much long'd to know of Him, what this might be.

Slow I approach'd him, with the conscious Sense,
 Of one who has committed an Offence:
 Thus humbly greeting, Courteous Shepherd Hail,
 Say, who are these Fair Nymphs whom you bewail?
 Thus joy'ous, do they Daily round the Throng;
 Thus Daily croud to hear thy lovely Song,
 Thus Daily Dance they, and thus Daily Play,
 Thus blest, thus happy, art thou ev'ry Day?
 I pray thee tell, who may these Beauties be,
 Which thou, and thou alone, may'st freely see,
 And when I saw, why fled they so from me?

Less happy I, than thou unhappy art,
 Whose Prefence, hence has caus'd them to depart;
 Whom thou canst never more recall again.
 (To me reply'd that Love-inspir'd Swain.)
 For none can bring them back, when they are gone,
 But he who they are pleas'd to smile upon.

Those Ladies which thou didst so lately see,
 All differing, in Honour and Degree,
 Are Favourites, to the Laughter-loving Queen,
 Chief of her Train, and ever with her seen.
 They all are *Graces*, but by *Three* she's drest,
 The nearest, dearest, whom she loves the best.
 These are the Daughters of *Olympian Jove*,
 Begot upon *Eurynoe*' in this Grove.
 Three Goddesses, the Sisters of one Birth,
 Who smile upon me, and approve my Mirth.

These *Three* on Men all gracious Gifts bestow,
 That civilise the Savage World below.
 The noble Mind, that knows to do, or say,
 Soft courteous Speech, that steals the Heart away,
 Arts, Science, Beauty, Wit, polite Address,
 Kindness, Complacency, and Tenderneſs;
 Manners that makes the Man, Behaviour sweet;
 Virtue and Truth, that render Worth compleat;
 Free Bounty, Friendly Offices, that bind,
 And universal Love, to all Mankind.

The *Graces* always wear a smiling Face,
 That we, with pleasing Looks, ourselves may grace;

And

And naked they appear to mortal Eyes,
 To shew that Love should be without Disguise.
 By their immortal springing Youth we're told,
 Remembrance of good Deeds should ne'er wax old.
 Friendship and Love's inviolable Bands,
 They teach are sacred, by their joining Hands.
 So ever in the Dance themselves they bore,
 That one was seen Behind, and two Before;
 From whence this mystic Meaning will appear,
 Some Good tho' past, yet greater Good is near.

Such were these Virgins of Immortal Birth,
 But that Fourth Maid, a Native of this Earth,
 She in the midst, she whom my Soul desires,
 Whose Virtue charms me, as her Beauty fires;
 Who shines a Constellation of Renown,
 Beset with Stars, like *Ariadne's* Crown;
 That Fairest, Loveliest, who deserves to be
 A *Grace* for ever, with the other Three:
 She is a Shepherdess, and nothing more,
 Whom I (and all that see her) must adore;
 For which the *Graces*, that here chuse to dwell,
 Who know her Worth, and read her Merit well,
 Have, for more Honour, brought to this glad Place
 To celebrate the making her a *Grace*.

She oft has made me pipe fast heretofore ;
Now faster will I pipe, and more and more.

FAIR COVENTRY ! a Thousand Graces join,
To form a Beauty, half as great as thine !
No Painting can such Loveliness express,
As that makes you, you make the Art look less.
The youthful Poet's Fancy you excell,
And Heav'n was never yet describ'd so well.
O thou, whose lovely penetrating Eyes
Can dart with Ease through every Disguise,
Forgive thy Shepherd, who with fond Deceit
Has plac'd his Mistress' Praise beneath thy Feet ;
That when your Glory shall be far display'd,
To future Times, of her this Mention may be made.

F I N I S.